

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 23 No. 10.

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia Oct. 6, 1904.

\$1.00 a Year

Geo. R. Richardson,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Prompt and careful attention
given to all business placed in
their hands.

H. S. RUCKER,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary
Public

Marlinton, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas county and in the Su-
preme Court of Appeals.

H. L. VANSICKLER,
Attorney-at-Law.

Lewisburg, W. Va.
Practices in Greenbrier and ad-
joining counties.

F. RAYMOND HILL,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary
Public.

Academy, W. Va.
Will practice in all the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and Supreme Court of Appeals.

N. McNeil, G. D. McNeil,
McNeil & McNeil,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Marlinton, West Virginia.

Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Court of Appeals of the
State of West Virginia.

ANDREW PRICE,
Attorney,

Marlinton, W. Va.
Practice in Pocahontas and adjoin-
ing counties. Prompt and careful
attention given to all legal work.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE
Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Prompt and careful attention
given to all legal work.

JOHN A. PRESTON, FRED WALLACE
PRESTON & WALLACE
Attorneys-at-Law,

Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of
Greenbrier and adjoining counties,
and in the Court of Appeals of the
State of West Virginia.

I. W. YEAGER,
Attorney-at-Law,

Marlinton, W. Va.
Prompt attention given to col-
lections.

T. S. McNEEL,
Attorney-at-Law,

Marlinton, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,

Marlinton, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Supreme Court of Ap-
peals.

A. BRATTON,
Attorney-at-Law,

Marlinton, W. Va.
Prompt and careful attention
given to all legal business.

A. M. OLIVER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CARPENTER & CONTRACTOR.

Darbin, W. Va.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,

Monterey, Va.
Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

DR. ERNEST B. HILL,
DENTIST,

Graduate University of Maryland.
Dentistry practiced in all its branches.

Office in 1st Nat. Bank Bldg. 2nd floor.

G. W. DUNCAN,
Practical Land Surveyor,

1st Nat. Bk. Bldg. Marlinton, W. Va.
All calls by phone and mail
promptly answered.

West Virginia Citizens Trust and

Guarantee Company
This company will furnish bonds
of all county, state and municipal
officers; fiduciary bonds, such as
administrators, guardians, etc.;
junction bonds; bank officials,
agents, indemnifying bonds, in-
court bonds of all kinds; attach-
ment bonds, etc.

Marlinton, W. Va.

WOODS AND WATER

STREAMS I HAVE FISHED.

South Fork of Cranberry or Gladys

Flowing between Charles moun-
tain on the south and Big Dog
mountain on the north is found
the water course Gladys. The
stream is wholly within Pocahon-
tas county. At its junction with
the North Fork, it forms Cran-
berry River which plunges down
its rocky bed to add its waters to
the Gauley and helps form that
stream, named by the Jesuits.

Gladys at its extreme upper end
has suffered by the clearings made
on three or four grazing farms.
These farms overlook the Cran-
berry bogs. They are on steep
mountain sides. Gladys gathers
their waters and the little stream
is as clear as crystal. It then en-
ters the bog or glade:

"A hidden stream
Winding through shades of night!"
When it emerges all the pristine
beauty of the water is gone. The
flow is liquid mud and it stands in
pools of unknown depths over-
hung by the thickly interlacing
rhododendrons.

Gladys enters the narrow defile
between the mountains. Charles
mountain takes its name from
Charles Clendenine who also gave
his name to the city of Charleston.

He seems to have had a pen-
chant for inflicting his Christian
name on towns and mountains.

It is not so clear where Big
Dog mountain took its name, or
Little Dog mountain either which
lies between North Fork and the
main river. We have heard that
many decades since that an old
settler killed two deer in the
North Fork in one day. One deer
was chased out of Big Dog by a
big dog and the other from the
opposite side by a little dog, and
hence the name. While the hun-
ter was dressing the first deer the
first deer the second jumped into
the bed of the creek and was
shot.

Others claim that the two
mountains take their names from
the outlines which some fancy are
like those of the noble quadruped
but the fact remains that Big Dog
and Little Dog stand firm and en-
dure, and whence their names
is but of little moment to any
save the antiquarian.

I have at odd times spent near
a year at the forks of Cranberry
at the foot of Little Dog and Big
Dog. I generally recite all the
Homer that I know to them but
it never has moved them any:

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with
you once again,
I hold to you the hands you first
beheld;
Methinks I hear your echoes an-
swer me,
And bid your son, a welcome
home again!"

Gladys flows among the rocks
in the bed of the stream, deposi-
ting more and more of its mud,
changing gradually from thick
soup to thin and finally some six
miles below the forks it runs clear
once more.

Anyone who wants a first rate
allegory on life can find it in
Gladys. At first the stream is
clear then it is muddied by youth-
ful sins and indiscretions gathered
from the filth in which it wallows.
Then it begins to redeem itself
and shortly after it unites with a
hispid and stream, (the Christian
woman.) It locates all its mud and
filth and flows on to oblivion and
the sea a clear beautiful stream.

In the days when there were
plenty of trout on Cranberry the
fishing was especially good on
Gladys. Many fishers avoided it
on account of the muddy rocks,
it being so greasy and dangerous
to walk among them.

In those days by fishing a mile
up stream was all that was neces-
sary to bring in some twenty-five
or thirty trout filling a ten pound
basket. The trout were not so
highly colored as the trout of
North Fork, but they were as
strong fighters and just as good
to eat. On one occasion I caught
a fifty good sized trout in fifty min-

utes by the watch, walking down
the last mile of the stream.

The best catch of trout I ever
made was on this prong. I had
forty, all one in the
lot, having from a little
one. I had two that was all
but fourteen inches long and
which would have averaged a
pound. One of these large ones
was a black fish and the other was
a yellow one.

The yellow one I caught in a
big pool below the mouth of Red
Raver. It was the first cast I
made. The big fellow came
through the water with fire in his
eye, which in itself was remark-
able, and took the fly. I had him
all but ashore when he slipped off.
A usual fish in a fight like this
looms up much larger than it
really is and I was almost ready to
swear, first, that it was eighteen
inches long and, second, at my
general bad luck.

I made another cast or two and
for a wonder it took the fly again
and I landed him. It must have
not been pricked by the hook be-
fore. It is the rarest thing in the
world for a big trout to take the
fly a second time and this was one
of the biggest trout I ever saw.
Fish are inconsistent however and
no rule hold good.

The deep pool where this trag-
edy occurred has wholly filled up
and disappeared since then and
the water is but a few inches
deep.

On another occasion I caught
two large trout at one cast in the
stream. Again I caught a very
large trout in one of the muddy
pools way up stream, that had no
lower jaw. It was a large fish
and made a great fight. Prob-
ably some time in its history, some
nervous fisher had jerked its jaw
off.

The pool was fairly yellow it
was so muddy and after a few
casts on top, I let my fly sink in
the water, trailing with it, a fa-
vorite way of fishing with many.
The trout probably saw the insect
through the murky waters and
though it should have known bet-
ter, it was hooked and caught.

There is not a tenth part of the
fish in North Fork there were ten
years ago. So many are fond of
the noble pastime, that the waters
have been fished to depletion.

Last Fourth of July we saw
five fishermen emerge at the forks
after fishing down its whole
length with hardly fish enough to
feed one man.

Soon Cranberry will cease to be
a trout stream unless the waters
are restocked.

Roads and Dams.

Continually there is a cry for
good roads to be built by the
United-States government. It has
been estimated that at a cost not
exceeding the Civil War the whole
could have good roads and that
the cost of the production of farm
products would be greatly reduced
and living in the country would
be made ideal.

Now comes a famous engineer
who claims that the good of such
improvements could be doubled
by putting such roads on a good
grade and wherever a road crosses
a hollow that an embankment
be made to form a small reser-
voir.

The result would be to have
hundreds of thousands such pocket-
ets to hold the water for irriga-
tion purposes or to supply re-
newed rainfall and prevent a fam-
ine or a failure of crops.

Such a series of reservoirs
would prevent any floods from
rising to the danger point and on
the whole be as beneficial to the
country as the roads themselves.
The objection to large reser-
voirs would be avoided and the
supply of water more evenly dis-
tributed.

Perfect Purity.

Characterizes Green Seal Liq-
uid Paint. It is made from the
best material. It is pre-emi-
nently the paint of quality. For
sale by O. J. Richardson.

The Maker's Guarantee

Is back of every gallon of
Green Seal Liquid Paint. Doesn't
make the paint any better, but
makes you safe in using it. For
sale by O. J. Richardson.



AS ROOSEVELT WOULD HAVE IT.

NOTES BY THE WAY

BUCKS RUN AND IMMEDIATE NEIGHBORHOOD.

A Drink that Cheered. Two Sug-
gestive Burial Scenes.

I begin writing these notes seated
on Joe McNeil's porch, on
Buck's Run, this the 19th day
of September, 1904. From the
southern horizon there is wafted
a gentle breeze, the avant courier
of the equinoctial rains, so many
are hoping for to replenish the
springs and moisten the ground
for sowing the next summer's
harvest. Before leaving for the
ripened cornfield Joe fixes
things to make me comfortable,
a nice chicken is gutted, and
a bucket full of repletion with
sparkling water is brought in from
a distant spring, and a glass pitcher
full to the brim with cider
champagne placed on the window
sill at my elbow that the said el-
bow might be curved just as often
as I might feel like it—a little at
a time but frequently.

Some one had been telling Joe
about how one Charley Echard
had cautioned a customer not to
be too free with some champagne
cider that he was keeping on tap,
for if he were not careful how he
sampled such champagne cider,
he might find it real-pain cider.

Joe was very certain such a
caution might do for some cider
of great pretensions but his was
not of that sort, and I would find
something he had not bargained
for if I should find any pain about
his make of cider.

A missionary to the Congo
State, in Africa, says that King
Leopold's citizens do not steal
much, but they do steal little and
often. With this in mind that
morning I did not drink much,
but I sampled the glass pitcher
little and often, and I found the
Buck's Run brand of cider like the
celebrated Thomas De Quincey's
cup of tea—something that re-
freshed but did not inebriate.

The difference between the pro-
hibitionist and me is this: They
take their apple juice with the
peelings on, I take mine, when I
can get it, with the peelings off.

Saturday afternoon, the 17th,
Lee Overholt came to Inframonte
cottage to know whether I could
attend a funeral at the Buckeye
graveyard that evening to officiate
at the burial of Albert Rose, a
young man who had died so un-
expectedly that morning. It ap-
pears that worthy young man had
gone from his home on Friday
evening, and while at a neighbor's had be-
come violently ill and tried to re-
turn home, a mile or so distant,
but upon reaching a neighbor's,
just in sight of home, he was so
overcome that he fell in a faint,
and had to be carried in and placed
on a bed, where he died in a few
hours thereafter. The condi-
tion of the corpse had become

such that the burial could not be
deferred.

Upon being informed that ar-
rangements had been made with
a lively man to utilize a surrey for
a hearse and that it would be
along in the course of an hour or
so, I began to get ready to go
with it. At the time expected
Harvey Klucak was on hand and
seated by him the drive was rap-
idly made for the home of the de-
ceased near the summit of Buck-
ley Mountain, overlooking the
Buckeye station.

I waited at the church while
Harvey went to the sorrowful
home and returned with the body
and the mourners. It was now
about sundown and it was found
it would take considerable time to
widen the grave for the box that
encased the casket. The church
not being in a condition to be oc-
cupied on account of repairs the
corpse was placed on the spacious
platform and the audience seated
on the steps, services were held
while the needful preparations
were being made. The twilight
burial scene, considered in all its
respects, was one of the most
touching of its kind.

On two occasions previously the
mother had come hither with her
dead children, and now she was
here to see the third buried, just
the half of her number, three in
their graves and three at home
with her. The father at this
time was absent to a remote part
of the state to visit his aged
mother.

Albert Rose was a young man
just attained his majority and of
whom many persons speak as be-
ing a very worthy character, and
his friends feel their bereavement
very sincerely. The Scripture
used in the service at the platform
was Psalm 119, 14. "Deal boun-
tifully with thy servant that I may
live and keep thy word."

Harvey carried me in his sur-
rey to the home of Mrs. Addie
McNeil, where I was welcomed
and very kindly entertained for
the night. Mrs. McNeil is one
of the Rev. Joshua Backley's sev-
en daughters and the widowed
wife of the late Joshua McNeil,
remembered by his many friends
for many attractive traits of char-
acter. The writer will not soon
forget how pleasant Mrs. McNeil
and her children Frank and
Park made it for him. As the
Supreme Being has revealed Him-
self to the Judge of the widows
and the Fatherless ones and has
made special provision for their
well being, I would hope and
pray that these kind friends may
have faith to claim them and so
be made glad for all the days they
may have been afflicted and the
years wherein they have been evil,
—Psalm 99.

While Sabbath morning was
one of ideal beauty and autumnal
loveliness, yet the people seemed
to be at a loss as to how they
should spend the day and what
might be best to do.

Two such startling deaths in
a quick succession as had occurred
Saturday morning—one at four
o'clock and the other at nine—
seemed to bewilder many thought-
ful persons, and many others be-
sides. And so it was the morn-
ing air seemed to be pervaded by
a stillness of unusual solemnity.

About nine o'clock I took up
my carriage and set out for a
solitary walk to the "Upper
Church," where I found a dozen
or so young persons gathered for
Sunday School, appointed for 10
o'clock. After waiting until nearly
eleven, Superintendent Rodgers
concluded as there were so few
regular Sabbath School exercises
would be deferred until the next
Sunday, and asked me to lead in
such devotional exercises as I
might think best. By this time
it had become generally under-
stood that Mr. Lightner's funeral
would not be deferred until Mon-
day as had been generally sup-
posed to give his children at Rich-
wood and Baltimore time to be
present, but funeral services were
decided on for three o'clock at
the residence.

After singing, reading the les-
son of the day in concert and
prayer by the Superintendent, a
few minutes were spent in recom-
mending those present to morn-
ize Amos 3, 7. "Surely the Lord
God will do nothing but he re-
vealeth his secret into his serv-
ants the prophets."

Lizzie Pennel and Edna Mc-
Neil approached me so cordially
and invited me so heartily to din-
ner at their homes that had it not
been for a previous engagement,
I would have been strongly in-
clined to make them pull straws
to help me out of the tangle. But
it so turned out that I met Joe
Pennel and then his son Addison
on my tramp that morning and to
each did I promise to be at their
table for dinner. So my word
was out, and it was that Lizzie
had the cinch over Edna. There
were no beaux in sight and the
two nice girls and I had to pass
the same way for quite a distance,
I placed myself between them and
started on my walk. Somehow
or other the old gag about a thorn
between two roses came to some
one's mind and was repeated pos-
sibly for the thousandth time.
Nevertheless as we three slowly
climbed the hill our talk was about
flowers and how singularly it
seemed that the frailest things
like grass, leaves and flowers
should be emblems used in the
Scriptures of the brevity and frail-
ty of our earthly lives. Upon
reaching Joe Pennel's attractive
home and wishing to be polite to
Miss Edna, I passed the house to
see her through the gate just bey-
ond.

This aroused Mrs. Pennel who
came rushing out in quite a flurry
giving me a piece of her mind, to
the effect that she thought it out
of the question that should spend
all morning preparing dinner es-
pecially for me and that I should
try to dodge her in that way.
Here is one of the times that po-
liteness seemed in danger of fail-
ing to make things more on pleas-
antly. It was not long however
before Mrs. Pennel had reason to
believe that dodging the dinner
was one of the last things I would
have been up to that memorable
day.

For about five years Mrs. Pen-
nel has been an invalid and suffer-
ed grievously from prostration
and nervousness and for weeks
seemingly more dead than alive.
Now she is apparently in robust
health, and has pleasure in her
useful life as something worth liv-
ing, in promoting the comfort of
her family and visiting friends.

Towards three o'clock we were
ready to attend Mr. Lightner's fu-
neral at the Buckeye graveyard,
about a mile distant by the near-
est way across the fields. Mrs.
Pennel declared if Uncle Billy
could make it she was certain she
could keep up. Our way led over
the beds of dried up streams,
across precipitous ravine, and up
almost perpendicular grass covered
slopes. At one place a sixteen
wire fixed post rail fence had to
be climbed. Then there were
rail fences that could be lowered
for easier crossing and then came
bars and gates, afterward a long

climb when the summit of the
graveyard hill was reached, where
it was learned the funeral sermon
was being preached at the resi-
dence a half-mile farther on and
might be near conclusion.

As it turned out, however, it
was nearly two hours that we pas-
sed under the trees before the fu-
neral cortege appeared, moving
slowly over the fields and making
up one of the most suggestive
scenes I have as yet witnessed on
the hundreds of occasions I have
seen departed ones carried to their
graves, when all the surroundings
are taken into consideration.

About sixteen years previously
his wife, a devoted mother and
much esteemed neighbor, was
borne here followed by her hus-
band and many children of young
and tender years, one in the fa-
ther's arms, and laid to rest while
the sounds of the stormy winds
blended with the weeping and
mourning of the bereaved ones.

Now that the father comes to
take his place by her side on a
calm, quietly peaceful September
Sabbath evening, attended by one
of the largest assemblies ever seen
at this historic resting place of the
dead of four or five generations.
As the large assemblage slowly
dispersed for their homes at the
setting of the sun one felt that it
was a fitting time to sing, as was
sung at the close of the morning
services at Upper Swago:

"Together let us sweetly sing,
Together let us die,
And each a starry crown receive
And reign above the sky."
W. T. P.

Notice.

To Whom it May Concern:

All parties will please take
notice that the firm of Arbogast,
Harper & Mohn has been dis-
solved; the interest therein of P.
C. Harper having been purchased
by the undersigned, who will
hereafter conduct the business,
manufacture of lumber, under the
name of Arbogast, Mohn & Co.
E. M. ARBOGAST,
G. C. MOHN.
Sept. 12, 1904.

Do You Know Why?

J. H. Clarks photographs al-
ways please the people because
they bear the stamp of excellence
of beauty and true art value the
results of not using cheap plates
or cheap anything. New gallery
at Hillsboro, fitted with the cele-
brated single slant sky light.
ji-16-6m

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY BUSINESS COLLEGE, [INCORPORATED] Harrisonburg, Va.

Teaches All Commercial Branches, Any parties intending to take
Instructions in

**BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND,
AND TYPEWRITING**

or any other Commercial Branch, are requested to call on or write
us for particulars at once.

P. L. SMITHERS,
PRESIDENT.

PROF. F. I. ROGERS,
SECRETARY.